

Guest, Edgar H

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Edgar A. Guest

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

JUST FOLKS

By Edgar A. Guest

ABE LINCOLN.

Bill and Jim drove into town on a
pleasant summer day,
Puffed their pipes and talked of
things in a friendly sort of
way,
Talked of crops and politics, neigh-
bors and the price of nails,
Then, as they were jogging on, passed
a fellow splitting rails.
"Who's that yonder, Bill?" says Jim,
"I don't seem to know his
face,"
"That's Abe Lincoln," answered Bill
—"got a shabby sort of place."

Lawsuit going on one day, Bill and
Jim had time to spare,
Dropped into the court awhile, found
most all their neighbors there.
"Moonlight night," one witness said,
prisoner's chances mighty small,
Till his lawyer rose and proved there
wasn't any moon at all.
"Who's defending him?" says Jim.
"Rather clever, I should say."
"That's Abe Lincoln," answered Bill,
"homely as a bale of hay."

Politics were getting hot, meetings al-
most every night,
Orators from North and South talk-
ing loudly for the right;
Bill and Jim were always there cheer-
ing for their party's cause,
Then one time a chap got up talking
morals more than laws.
"Who's that speaking now?" says
Jim. "Think I've seen his face
before."
"That's Abe Lincoln," answered Bill,
"Shall we go, or hear some
more?"

Moral of it isn't much. Greatness may
be round about,
But when seen from day to day men
are slow to find it out.
Those who saw him splitting rails,
those who heard him plead a
case,
Passed him by with little thought,
laughing at his homely face;
Those who neighbored with the boy,
those who saw his summer tan,
Those who lived in Lincoln's time,
never really knew the man.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Remembered still! Along the years
His gentle influence appears,
And where for truth men dare to
strive
Is martyred Lincoln still alive,
Calm, patient, tender and as bold
As in the troubled days of old.

Not many men outlive their years!
Not oft the finished soul appears!
Not oft a Lincoln comes to earth
Through the obscurity of birth
To reach that pinnacle sublime
That towers above both death and
time.

Most of us with the last quick breath
Into oblivion go with death,
And soon remembered are no more.
But Lincoln, greater than before,
To faltering hope and weakening
will,

Remains an inspiration still!

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Guest, Edgar A.

Abraham Lincoln

"Remembered still --"

JUST FOLKS

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Copyright, 1932

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN 132

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LINCOLN

By EDGAR A. GUEST

So great was Lincoln, and so small
we stay
That God must wonder if our
eyes are blind
To high examples of our fellow
kind;
If those who come to us show the
way,
Fashioned 'as we of spirit and of
clay
By Him intended and by Him
designed
To break the petty fetters of the
mind,
Vainly outlive the hatreds of their
day.
Rugged was he, yet tender as a
child;
Strong as a rock against life's
storms he stood.
Mocked and derided, patiently he
smiled,
Content to wait and battle for
the good.
His sad, stanch soul with sym-
pathy grew great
He pitied men, but never stooped
to hate.

II

Lincoln could weep, and now and
then the tears
Stained his gaunt cheeks. At
other times a jest
Soothed the heart-anguish burn-
ing in his breast.
But none can find where bitterness
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To mar the record of his troubled
years.
Friend to the weak, the troubled,
the oppressed,
To them he gave his utmost and
his best,
Which is the glory of all great
careers.
Yet still men seek revenge for fan-
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Plot selfishly some place of pride
to gain;
Stay little 'neath the bludgeon-
ings of pain,
Thinking that hate and malice
make them strong!
They turn to Lincoln in his birth-
day hour,
But fail to learn the secret of
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(Copyright, 1934, Edgar A. Guest.)

Newton Howard
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Just Folks
 Lincoln.

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Lincoln

By EDGAR A. GUEST

SO GREAT was Lincoln, and so small we stay
That God must wonder if our eyes are blind
To high examples of our fellow kind;
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Fashioned as we of spirit and of clay
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RUGGED was he, yet tender as a child;
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Ed. A. Guest

2/12/34

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Chicago Tribune

2/2/34

Just Folks

BY
Edgar A. Guest

LINCOLN

Some write that Lincoln blundered
oft.

As once the sharp-tongued critics
scoffed

Today with bitter jibe and sting
They prove anew his blundering.
They rend his awkward frame apart
Only to find him great at heart.

Lincoln, though slandered and
abused,
By love and hate was ne'er con-
fused.

This to his glory all will find
He hated wrong, but loved mankind
He fought the sin, but to the end
The erring sinner he'd befriend.

Had Lincoln lived and to his cot
Been brought the man who fired
the shot
He would have pitied him the rage
That swept him to that lighted
stage,
And the blind passion that could
lead

Judgment to such a dreadful deed.
Oh Lincoln, when shall come again
Haters of wrongs and not of men?
When shall another, calm and wise,
Patient and understanding, rise
Who, whatsoever tongues berate,
Will never answer hate with hate.

(Copyright, 1935)

Revised for 292-35

292-35

EDGAR GUEST

DAILY POEM.

Lincoln

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Pittsburgh
Post-Gazette

2-12-35

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Winn. Zubane
2-12-35

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Phil. Inquirer
212-35

Indiana Bell Star
FEBRUARY 12, 1935.

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(Copyright, 1935, Edgar A. Guest.)

Guest, Edgar A.

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Lincoln

"Some write that Lincoln blundered oft."

ft. Wayne Journal
2-12-35

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Just Folks

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Chief

All State Properties
With Edgar A. Guest

(Copyright, 1935)

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JUST FOLKS

By
EDGAR A.
GUEST

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LINCOLN

He never groped for flowery speech.
He never shouted down his foes,
As one would pluck a garden rose,
He took the word within his reach
And in a voice to pity pitched
The literature of life enriched.

He never used his august power
But for the good which he could do.
The griefs of men he kept in view
Even in his triumphant hour,

And all God ever heard him ask
Was strength and wisdom for the
task.

The patient Lincoln, sad of face,
Whose cheeks were wetted oft by
tears,
Lived through the nation's troubled
years
And gave unto its high place
A glory, simple yet sublime,
That shall outlive the dust of time.

Lincoln

By Edgar A. Guest

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"Let's Explore Your Mind" Is on Page 18 Today

Cleveland News 2/12/36

Lincoln

By Edgar A. Guest

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Detroit Free Press

2/12/36

Guest, Edgar A.

Aug

Lincoln

"He never groped for flowery speech."

WITH EDGAR A. GUEST

(Copyright, 1936)

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Del. State Register 2-12-36

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Lincoln

"He never groped for flowery speech."

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time. ©

Cleveland News

2/12/36

Abraham Lincoln

By Edgar A. Guest

*A man called Lincoln passed this way!
Born in a cabin bleak and bare;
Knew toil and hunger and despair
And learned from want and bitter need
A simple, sympathetic creed.*

*His way was hard. All things of pride
To him were from the first denied.
His was a body stripped of grace;
His was an unattractive face,
Yet when he spoke men's hearts were stirred
Because the soul within they heard.*

*Oft was he mocked and oft betrayed,
Yet patient with all men he stayed.
He rose as high as man can rise
Yet pity never left his eyes;
Gained power and still to all he knew
This man called Lincoln gentler grew.*

*Back to the dust have journeyed kings,
Their thrones but scarce remembered things;
Their greatness merely of the hour,
Their power destroyed by greater power,
But all the world recalls today
A man called Lincoln passed this way.*

(Copyright, 1938, by Edgar A. Guest)



Abe Lincoln

● Edgar A. Guest

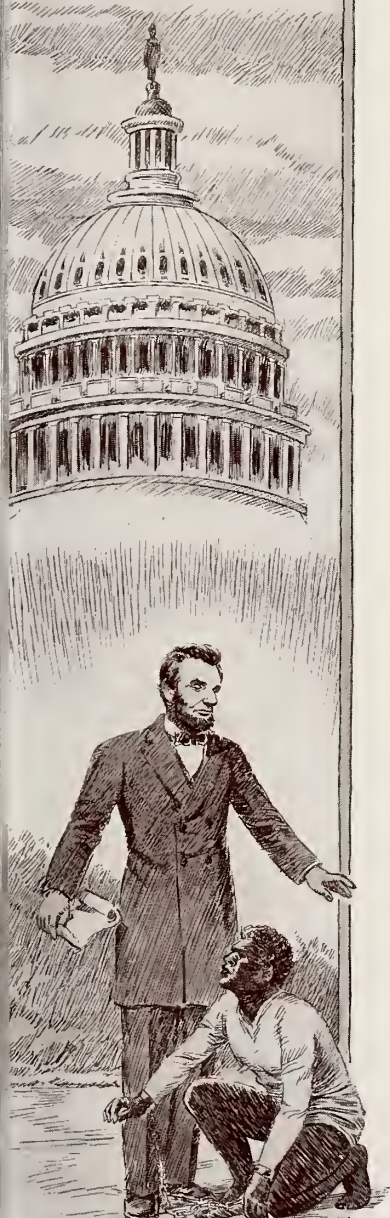
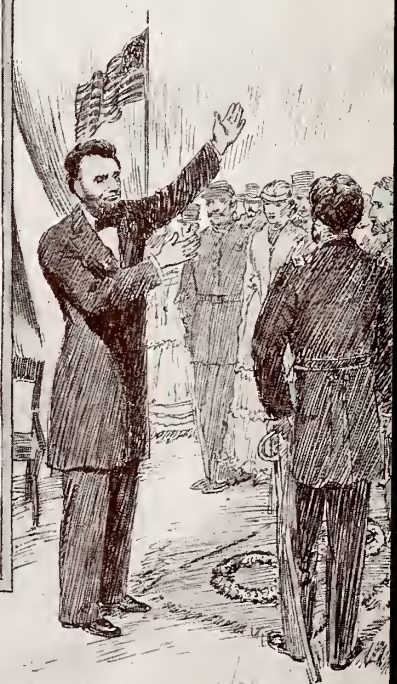
Bill and Jim drove into town
On a pleasant summer day,
Puffed their pipes and talked of things
In a friendly sort of way,
Talked of crops and politics, neighbors
And the price of nails,
Then, as they were jogging on, passed
A fellow splitting rails.
"Who's that yonder, Bill?" says Jim,
"I don't seem to know his face."
"That's Abe Lincoln," answered Bill—
"Got a shabby sort of place."

Lawsuit going on one day, Bill and Jim
Had time to spare,
Dropped into the court awhile, found most
All their neighbors there.
"Moonlight night," one witness said—
Prisoner's chances mighty small,
Till his lawyer rose and proved there wasn't
Any moon at all.
"Who's defending him?" says Jim,
"Rather clever, I should say."
"That's Abe Lincoln," answered Bill,
"Homely as a bale of hay."

Politics was getting hot, meetings almost
Every night,
Orators from north and south talking
Loudly for the right.
Bill and Jim were always there cheering
For their party's cause,
Then one time a chap got up talking morals
More than laws.
"Who's that speaking now?" says Jim,
"Think I've seen his face before."
"That's Abe Lincoln," answered Bill,
"Shall we go or hear some more?"

Moral of it isn't much, greatness may
Be round about,
But when seen from day to day men are
Slow to find it out,
Those who saw him splitting rails, those
Who heard him plead a case
Passed him by with little thought, laughing
At his homely face.
Those who neighbored with the boy, those
Who saw his summer tan,
Those who lived in Lincoln's time
Never really knew the man.

From Mr. Guest's book "Collected Verse". Copyrighted
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The Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago, Ill.



Edgar Guest's Daily Poem
JUST FOLKS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A man called Lincoln passed this way!
Born in a cabin bleak and bare;
Knew toil and hunger and despair
And learned from want and bitter need
A simple, sympathetic creed.

His way was hard. All things of pride
To him were from the first denied
His was a body stripped of grace;
His was an unattractive face.
Yet when he spoke men's hearts were stirred
Because the soul within them heard.

Oft was he mocked and oft betrayed.
Yet patient with all men he stayed.
He rose as high as man can rise
Yet pity never left his eyes;
Gained power and still to all he knew
This man called Lincoln gentler grew.

Back to the dust have journeyed kings,
Their thrones but scarce remembered things;
Their greatness merely of the hour,
Their power destroyed by greater power,
But all the world recalls today
A man called Lincoln passed this way.

(Copyright, 1933, Edgar A. Guest.)

Abraham Lincoln

By Edgar A. Guest

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Knew toil and hunger and despair
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(Copyright, 1938, by Edgar A. Guest)

Guest, Edgar

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"A man called Lincoln passed this way"

10012 1938
THE EVENING NEWS, HARRISBURG, P

JUST FOLKS

By EDGAR A. GUEST
Copyright, 1938, Edgar A. Guest

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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Yet when he spoke men's hearts were stirred	But all the world recalls today
Because the soul within they heard.	A man called Lincoln passed this way.
Oft was he mocked and oft betrayed.	



Lincoln's Birthday



Edgar A. Guest

We stand at Gettysburg today
As Lincoln stood of old;
And need a Lincoln now to say
The truths men should be
told,

Lest unreminded we may stray
From faiths that all should
hold.

Would he were here once more
to pen

In simple phrase and pure
A thought to rally faltering
men

To truths which should en-
dure;

Reconsecrating us again

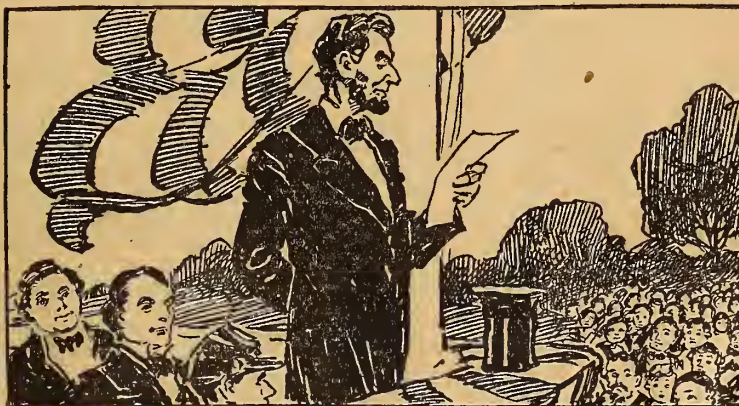
Till freedom's cause is sure.

We are the living, as he said,
Now say it once again!

Ours are the great tasks just
ahead.

Steadfast must we remain
To freedom's purpose, that our
dead

Shall not have died in vain.



(Copyright, 1939, Edgar A. Guest)

2 / To (Mr.) ...

Lincoln's Birthday

Edgar A. Guest

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— By EDGAR A. GUEST —

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Birthdays
2/12/77

Lincoln's Birthday

By Edgar A. Guest

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Shall not have died in vain.

(Copyright, 1939)

Tamilton H. J. Jones Advertiser
2-12-39

Detour 4/11/40
Late Comer*By Edgar A. Guest*

*I had intended home to be
Punctually in time for tea
And well upon my way was I
When Sandburg's Lincoln caught my eye
And something dragged me through the door
To ramble through those volumes four.*

*I know 'twill be in vain to say
I didn't mean that long to stay
Or tell her that I didn't know
Lincoln would hold a fellow so.
She'll merely say in scorn to me:
"You said you'd be on time for tea!"*

*Yet there he stood in open view,
Lincoln, all jacketed in blue,
And when I'd come to volume four
The man was closing up the store
And saying: "Sir, I'd gladly wait,
But I've a wife, and we've a date!"*

*I know she won't believe a word
When I explain how this occurred!
I know just what she's going to say
When I explain my long delay.
"You might have stopped at volume three!
You promised you'd be home for tea."*

(Copyright, 1940, by Edgar A. Guest)

Wichita Beacon 2/2/43

JUST FOLKS

LINCOLN

They could not see, who stood too
near,
Beyond their little day!
To friends and foes his faults were
clear,
But that's the common way.
Oft when of him his neighbors
spoke
'Twas merely to repeat a joke.

That Lincoln loved his fellow men
They knew. They'd heard him
sigh
Because for freedom once again
Brave boys were asked to die.
That he was merciful they knew,
But deeds of mercy many do.

With patience infinite he bore
The barbs of malice vile.
He wore the raiment others wore,
According to the style.
So, not until the day he died
Did men look on his nobler side.

As then, still now it seems to be:
Man's spirit flesh conceals
And seldom lets his fellows see
The greatness time reveals.
Death was the door, and time the
key
To glory's immortality!

(Copyright, 1945, Edgar A. Guest)

JUST FOLKS

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

LINCOLN.

God sent him to a cabin first to
learn
That toil will ever be man's chief
concern;
To live with toilers and to share
the fears,
The hopes and all the sorrows of
the years.
God gave him humble parents, as
he gave
His only Son, who came men's
souls to save;
Tried him with hazards from his
earliest youth;
Filled him with furious longing
for the truth;
Made learning difficult. To prove
desire,
Left him to read by candlelight
and fire;
Forced him to walk long miles a
book to gain;
Tested his will with weariness and
pain.
Tall and ungainly, with no gift of
grace,
God set the light of glory in his
face;
Gave him that splendor which the
spirit wears
And shines through heartaches and
outlives its cares.
And when at last went Lincoln to
his Lord,
The love of humble folk was his
reward.

(Copyright, 1944, Edgar A. Guest.)

EDGAR A. GUEST

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*Chicago Herald
American
2/2/41*

Just Folks —Edgar A. Guest

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24 West 12th St.
3/12/44

New - 2/12/44

TINEL, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, SATURDAY, FEBR

Lincoln

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

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741 2112/41

Edgar Guest
Edgar Guest

LINCOLN *1/2/43*

They could not see, who stood too
near,

Beyond their little day.
To friends and foes his faults were
clear,

But that's the common way.
Oft when of him his neighbors spoke
'Twas merely to repeat a joke.

That Lincoln loved his fellow men
They knew. They'd heard him sigh
Because for freedom once again

Brave boys were asked to die.
That he was merciful they knew,
But deeds of mercy many do.

With patience infinite he bore
The barbs of malice vile.
He wore the raiment others wore,
According to the style,
So, not until the day he died
Did men look on his nobler side.

As then, still now it seems to be:
Man's spirit flesh conceals
And seldom lets his fellows see
The greatness time reveals.
Death was the door, and time the
key

To glory's immortality!

(Copyright, 1944, Edgar A. Guest.)

Guest, Edgar A.

LINCOLN

"They could not see who stood too
near"

Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest.

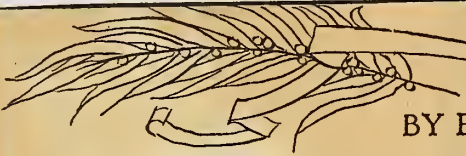
7/10/1915
2/12/15
Lincoln

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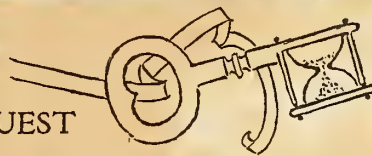
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Lincoln

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Lincoln 17th Dec - 2/12/12 

JUST FOLKS

by EDGAR A. GUEST

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4. 11. 1900
2/12/75

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Copyright, 1945

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Debra D. D. D.
1/2/45

dup
Guest, Edgar A.

LINCOLN

"They could not see, who stood too near,"

New-Sentinel
Ft. Wayne, Ind.
UARY 12, 1945

Just Folks
By Edgar A. Guest.

Lincoln

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Guest, Edgar A.

ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

"Who for his words of wisdom
looks"

New Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest *2-12-41*

On Lincoln's Birthday

Who for his words of wisdom looks
Will find them treasured in the
books,

For Lincoln's eloquence sublime
Served the great issue of his time.

Against the house divided, then
He pleaded with his fellowmen.
Now, who will plead the self-same
way

Against the broken house today?

Behind what clear, far-sighted eye
Does Lincoln's gentle patience lie?
And for the heavy, grievous load
On whom was Lincoln's strength
bestowed?

Great men may leave their words
behind

For all who follow them to find,
But the world waits for many a
day

For one stout heart to lead the
way.

*Reeds. Lintanel
St. Wayne, Ind.*

On Lincoln's Birthday

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

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Detroit Free Press

Feb 12, '46

lye
Guest, Edgar A.

ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

"Who for his words of wisdom looks"

EDGAR A. GUEST

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Guest, Edgar A.

ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

"Who for his words of wisdom
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ILL. PRESS CLIPPING SERVICE

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SHELBYVILLE, ILLINOIS
PHONE 960

PAPER Commercial

TOWN Danville, ILL.

DATE Feb 19 1946

JUST FOLKS

By EDGAR A. GUEST
ON LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

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Edgar Guest

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

In times that may not come
again,

In boyhood's happy, care-free
way,
We looked on Lincoln's birthday
then
As just another holiday.

There was a martyred President
The country loved long years
ago,

But little more his birthday
meant
Than this: a holiday we'd
know.

I wonder, from those regions
blest

Should he behold us, as he
may,

What tribute would please
Lincoln best

From us who honor him today?

I'm sure, with freedom still at
stake,

If he could speak to us, he'd
ask

That from our honored dead we
take

Increased devotion to their
task.

Remembering Lincoln on this
day,


Let us, the living, pledge again,
Highly resolve and dare to say
Our dead shall not have died in
vain.

UTICA OBSERVER-DISPATCH

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1948

Lincoln's Birthday

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

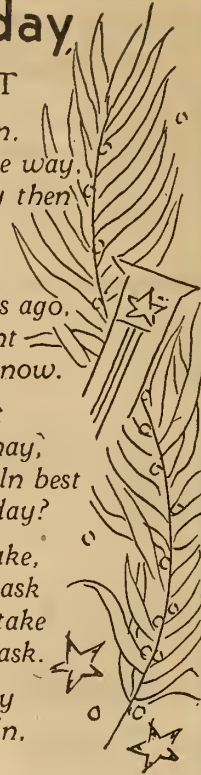
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Let us, the living, pledge again.
Highly resolve and dare to say
Our dead shall not have died in vain. ©*



Lincoln's Shadow

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

*They knew not his greatness who saw him; how gentle he was
and how wise!*

*The heart of him bursting with sorrow; the pity that shone in
his eyes,*

*But they learned it the moment he left them, and we who are
living today*

*And are hoping for peace for our children, can hear him still
telling the way.*

*"Be done with old hatreds," he whispers. "You are children of
God, one and all.*

*I warned them, and you I am warning: the house that's divided
will fall;*

*And never will bitterness vanish and peace in the world cannot
be*

*'Til the rule of all tyrants is ended and the least of the nations
is free.*

*"There's nothing more precious than freedom, and nothing more
evil than might*

*That stuns into silence the voices that dare to speak out for the
right."*

*Still the shadow of Lincoln lies on us, appealing to all with the
plea:*

*"Though weary, rest not from your labors 'til the least of the
nations is free." ©*

John F. Bass 2-12-44

Rochester Democrat & Chronicle
Feb. 12, 1950

Lincoln

Edgar A. Guest

We are the living Lincoln
meant
At Gettysburg. That nation,
we!
Brought forth upon this
continent.
His words: "Conceived in
liberty."

To us he spoke. To us he said:
Their task before us will
remain,
This day resolve that these our
dead
Shall not have died for us
in vain.

From them we honor now
who gave
Devotion's last full measure,
take
Increased devotion. Be as
brave
As they who died for
freedom's sake.

We are the living he believed
Would guarantee and keep
secure
This land, in liberty conceived,
That it should evermore
endure.

Copyright 1950





Lincoln



BY EDGAR A. GUEST

*When will another man arise
As tender, thoughtful, brave and wise,
A leader who will dare to be
As incorruptible as he?*

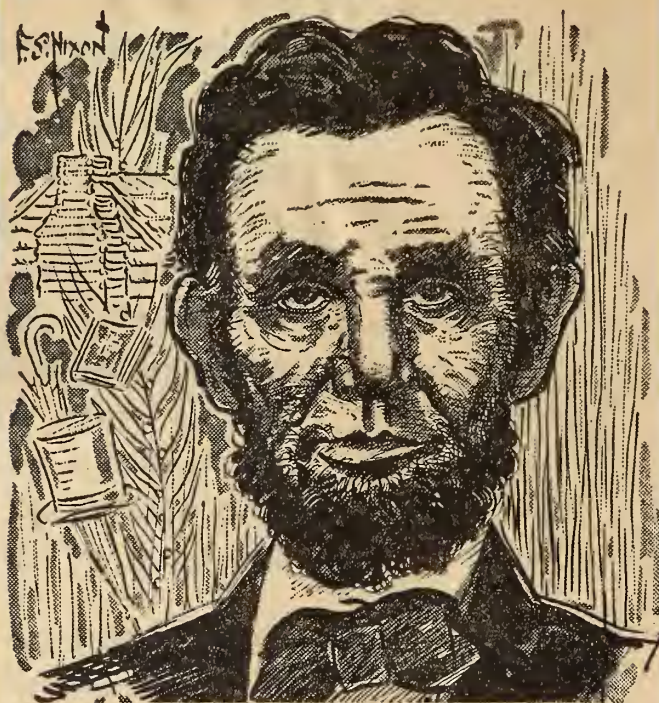
*We need a Lincoln, unafraid;
Not by the power of office swayed;
One flatterers cannot deceive;
A man to trust in and believe.*

*Dear Lord, Thou sent us Lincoln when
A grievous wrong divided men.
With wisdom grace a true man's brow
We need another Lincoln now.*

*Touch with Thy spirit one to be
As valorous for the right as he;
One steadfast to the truth to stay
Who will be faithful, come what may. ©*



Detroit Free Press 2-12-52



Lincoln

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

This his birthday! One who came
From a simple cabin door,
Step by step to rise to fame
And be loved forevermore.

Lincoln! Leader of a host
Love of liberty inspired.
Strong when strength was needed most,
Wise when wisdom was required.

Calm, when furious was hate;
Patient under grievous care.
Never seeking to be great;
Wanting only to be fair,

Lincoln! Were he here today
This his message brief would be:
Steadfast in the struggle stay.
Give your hearts to liberty. ©

Detroit Free Press

2-12-55

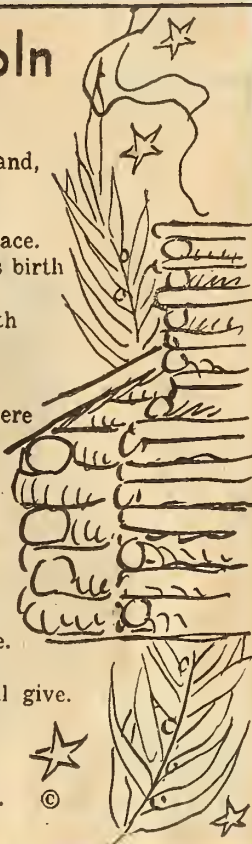
Abraham Lincoln

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Tall of frame and large of hand,
Late in life a bearded face;
Born to share and understand
Heartaches of the human race.
Through the gateway known as birth
On this February date
Abraham Lincoln came to earth
To be listed with the great.

Gifted with the flame divine,
Though so greatly needed here
Souls so splendid and so fine
Only now and then appear.
As the Master, from a shed,
Rose the hope of all to be,
Lincoln, cabin born and bred,
Rose to set a people free.

Millions come to earth to die,
But a few are born to live.
This one day as years go by
Though to Lincoln men will give.
As his birth we celebrate
In this nation of the free,
Down the ages on this date
Lincoln will remembered be.



Standard - Times
New Bedford, Mass.
2/12/60

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

LINCOLN

He never groped for flowery
speech;

He never shouted down his foes.
As one would pluck a garden
rose

He took the word within his reach
And in a voice to pity pitched,
The literature of life enriched.

He never used his august power
But for the good which he could
do.

The griefs of men he kept in
view

Even in his triumphant hour;
And all God ever heard him ask
Was strength and wisdom for
the task.

The patient Lincoln, sad of face,
Whose cheeks were wetted oft
by tears,

Lived through the nation's
troubled years

And gave unto its highest place
A glory, simple yet sublime,
That shall outlive the dust of
time.

(Copyright, 1960, by the George Matthew
Adams Service)

Standard-Times
New Bedford, Mass.
2/12/61

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

We stand at Gettysburg today
As Lincoln stood of old,
And need a Lincoln now to say
The truths men should be told
Lest, unreminded, we may stray
From faiths that all should hold.

Would he were here once more
to pen,
In simple phrase and pure,
A thought to rally faltering men
To truths which should endure,
Reconsecrating us again
Till freedom's cause is sure.

We are the living, as he said.
Now say it once again!
Ours are the great tasks just
ahead;

Steadfast must we remain
To freedom's purpose, that our
dead

Shall not have died in vain.

(Copyright, 1961, by the George Matthew
Adams Service)

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A man called Lincoln passed this way!
Born in a cabin bleak and bare;
Knew toil and hunger and despair
And learned from want and bitter need
A simple sympathetic creed.

His way was hard. All things of pride
To him were from the first denied
His body stripped of grace;
His was an unattractive face.
Yet when he spoke men's hearts
were stirred
Because the soul within they heard.

Oft was he mocked and oft betrayed.
Yet patient with all men he stayed
He rose as high as man can rise
Yet pity never left his eyes;
Gained power and still to all he knew
This man called Lincoln gentler grew.

Back to the dust have journeyed kings,
Their thrones but scarce remembered things;
Their greatness merely of the hour
Their power destroyed by greater power,
But all the world recalls today
A man called Lincoln passed this way.

(Protected, 1963, by The George Matthew Adams Service)

Lincoln's Determination Brought Him Honors

To the Editor of The Standard-Times:

On this day we pause in recognition of the anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln.

Born in a log cabin, with so very little schooling, yet with the determination of learning that gave to him a nation's highest honor, the presidency of the United States.

Love and a great belief in the equality of man made of him an outstanding commander-in-chief.

As President Kennedy seeks to keep our ship on even keel, scientific research blesses our humanity with newfound knowledge. Dictators with souls untouched, and conscience content, seek conquest and atheistic Communism rears its ugly head. We hear in the distance the trumpets' sound that has never called retreat, and pledge anew our loyalty to our country, our President.

As our religious leaders seek a brotherhood of strength, that under Divine Guidance would bring forth a peaceful solution of a world's problems, that war should come no more.

MARY A. WRIGHT
115 Hillman Street.

